

## What the hell happened? by Multi\_Fandom\_Mouse\_Rat

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**Summary:**

After waking up in a hospital, Billy swears he can only remember crashing his car. The gang is torn on whether they believe him and Steve is especially suspicious.

## What the hell happened?

Greeted by slow, repetitive beeping, a young man began stirring from his sleep, mouth dryer than a desert and hands gripping bed sheets. He couldn't open his eyes yet, in fact he could hardly move at all.

*"What if he's still...flared? Or whatever.."* Billy heard faintly, recognising the voice but unable to pinpoint who it was. The voice was kind've muffled like his ears were readjusting to y'know-hearing.

"He's not."

"We don't know that, Max-"

"..I don't think he is.." A much softer voice chimed in thoughtfully.

What the hell were they talking about?

Eventually Billy groaned a little, his head moving around but still struggling to wake up properly. "I think he's waking up! Billy, can you hear me?" Maxine then placed a smaller hand over Billy's, causing its grip on the sheets to soften. There was some hesitant shuffling coming from where he assumed the first voice he heard was.

"Holy- uh- should we get a doctor?"

"Not yet." The softer voice replied.

Then something strange happened. Yet another hand was placed on his snuggly beside Max's. The minute the other hand touched him his eyes flew open almost automatically. God, it suddenly felt like he'd been eating sand for hours. He coughed dryly a couple times, catching his breath and squinting around the room, the white lights were practically blinding.

Eventually his eyes adjusted enough for him to see the glossy hospital room, blue bed sheets and curtains, a heart monitor beeping away and the two girls sitting at his side with a weird mix of excitement and worry on their faces, Harrington standing a little further away

looking tense as if Billy was about to fly into a rage. Even if he wanted to do that, he was way too weak.

As expectant as the three looked, Billy opted to ignore them altogether and went straight for a plastic cup of water on his bedside, immediately gulping it down with little regard to any of it dribbling down his chin. Speaking of his bedside table, he noted surprisingly there were two bouquets waiting for him and a balloon that said "Congrats!" with "*On noT dYinG*" crudely scribbled with red pen underneath.

After gulping that cup of water (heavy breathing being heard every now and then) for an uncomfortably long amount of time his arm pretty much slammed the cup back onto the table. Which hurt. A lot. Every little movement was painful but he tried to keep any sort of yelps or grumbles down as best he could. Maxine raised her eyebrows with yet again, a very expectant expression.

"Well?"

Billy a little sloppily wiped any excess water from his mouth. "Well, what?" His voice was croaky and quieter than usual.

"How do you feel?!" She answered with impatience.

"..do you remember anything?" The girl beside her asked.

"Oh! And are you still a crazed lunatic? I mean..still more crazed than usual."

Max gave Steve a very pointed look. Seemingly for the first time in well ever, she was determined to defend her step brother.

"Woah woah- one at a damn time...geez. And..what?"

Max sighed a little, changing her demeanor to a more patient one. "'You ok?'"

Why was she being so- nice? It was a little suspicious.

"Just peachy." He croaked sarcastically. He knew without even looking in a mirror that he looked like shit, bloody bandages around his torso, disheveled hair and his chin was still slightly moist. Not to mention his eye bags were probably insane too.

Billy then gave a slightly confused look to the girl and Steve. "So.. I get why you're here(kind of)..". He stated, gesturing loosely to his step sister. "But..why them?" He pointed to the two brunettes.

"They only let three of us in at a time-"

"And you and Eleven kind've had a 'moment' and I guess I'm here as.. their bodyguard!" Steve announced, crossing his arms with an air of pride. "Y'know, just Incase things went south." Both the girls rolled their eyes.

Billy took a moment of contemplation to process before **bursting** out with laughter. "You? Really? I thought you'd be sick of gettin' your ass kicked by now -" He took a minute to regain his composure. As much it freakin hurt to laugh, it was kind've worth it to see Harrington's expression sour. "Nice eye by the way~"

Steve opened his mouth to speak in retaliation but was promptly interrupted by Eleven. "..What's the last thing you remember?"

"I-" Billy took a minute to think, hard. "I think..I was driving. Driving on my way to see Mrs.Wheeler.."

Suddenly radio static could be heard as a teen boy's voice cracked with anger. "H e y!!" Lucas and Will were snickering in the background before Max rushed to turn the walkie-talkie off.

"Is that it?" Harrington inquired sceptically. It didn't seem as though he believed him.

"Then I crashed and woke up here.."

"What about Starcourt?" Max added. When she said that Billy almost got.. a sort've flash of the mall, it looked different, he couldn't quite make out the shapes but there was a pretty large one.

He swallowed a little. "What about it?"

The others looked to each other, obviously they knew something he didn't. And that pissed him off.

"What?"

“..how about heather?”

He didn't like the change of subject. “The chick I work with? Are you three on something?”

“What about the mind flayer?”

Were they just messing with him now? They had to be but damn, they must be great actors. They looked so damn serious. “What the fuck is the mind-“ He couldn't even really remember what they'd just called it. “- the fuck is that?”

Unfortunately any chances of him getting answers were squandered when a young nurse popped her head in the door. “I'm afraid visitation hours a-“ she paused for a minute as she noticed Billy sitting up. “Ah, mr.Hargrove! You're awake.” She noted with a smile. “The Doctor will be with you soon. Now come on kids, your friend needs to rest.”

Steve looked insulted, whether that was for being lumped in with the word ‘kids’ or being mistaken for Billy's friend was unclear. Maybe it was a mix of both. He hovered around the door frame waiting for the girls to follow. Max and El both stood up hesitantly.

“We'll come back tomorrow-“

“Feel free not to.”

Max gave her step brother a sarcastic smile as she flipped him the bird, to which he returned the gesture with an equally patronising grin.

Throughout this encounter Billy had been getting glimpses of the damage done to his person. The two large bloody spots on his torso didn't look like anything a car would have done..and worse he now dreaded what his once *perfect* body was gonna look like under the bandages.

It seemed El had noticed this, stopping for a minute before following the redhead out. “..The scars..” She paused for a minute as if repeating something she'd already heard. “They'll make you- even more badass.” Her tone had a certain fondness attached, he wondered

why he felt so comforted by this supposed stranger.

Harrington had mentioned some kind of 'moment' the two had. Actually Harrington had mentioned a lot of weird shit, and why were they all acting so different? Billy was inclined to work harder to remember, but when a sudden wave of exhaustion hit him he just slumped onto the firm yet soft hospital pillows. God he hated hospitals. But hey! Free drugs. Well..not 'free'.

In his sleepy state, Billy's head turned to the two bouquets he saw earlier. One was your typical sort, an arrangement of pretty bland flowers that looked slightly droopy and grey at the tips of their petals like it'd been there for a few days. It also had a small card attached. But the other was a bouquet of red roses which were still healthy. They couldn't have been there for more than a day.

He took the small card off of the first bouquet slowly, opening it up. 'To Billy, we hope you get well soon! Lots of love from Dad, Maxine and Susan' Of course Billy knew his dear old papa had nothing to do with the card. He'd have to remember to thank Susan when he got home. Home might be a bit of a generous descriptor. Maybe he shouldn't even go back. Just skip town the minute he's dispatched.

But he wanted to know what happened after the crash. Why everyone was being so cagey. What he *did* or maybe- what he didn't do? As his lids felt heavier and heavier, he picked up those roses and weakly placed them on his chest, inhaling the sweet scent and the smell of..hairspray? Wondering who might have left them, he drifted back into his slumber.